

Pushing the Limits

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Summary: A young Obi-Wan tries to impress Qui-Gon with his "free thinking".....

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****This story takes place roughly a year after Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan become Master/Padawan. Obi-Wan is 14 and going through the "teenage rebellion years".

"Master, I have a weird question for you." Obi-Wan sat in the meditation room, looking over to Qui-Gon who was across from him. Obi-Wan scratched at his braid, which now at its present length, constantly tickled him.

"A weird question, now that's interresting. More weird than the question you asked about those mechanical devices on Malastare?" Qui-Gon smirked.

"This is different Master. I have heard people say things, mostly in private when they think I can't hear them. They say you are unconventional and a rogue. Is it true? Do you cause that much grief on the council?" Obi-Wan's big blue eyes were focused on Qui-Gon. He fidgeted around anticipating an answer.

"I guess you could say I am. And yes, I do things that the council doesn't always approve of. But they know I do what is right and the ends justify the means. I do what the force wills me to do. Does this bother you?" Qui-Gon answered and laughed inwardly at the lack of patience in Obi-Wan.

"No Master, it doesn't. I was curious to know if what they said was true. I don't believe rumors, so I asked you for the truth." Obi-Wan slightly bowed his head at Qui-Gon and resumed, "I was wondering, do you think you can teach me to be a rogue, or free-thinker, or "pain in the ass" as Master Windu put it?"

"Obi-Wan! That's enough of the language. We are Jedi's and we don't conform to calling people names. Even if they are crabby-overbearing-bantha fodder." Qui-Gon said with a big grin. "DON'T repeat to anyone what I just said!"

"Yes Master," Obi-Wan blurted out along with giggles. His voice squeaked and he glanced up at Qui-Gon in horror. Qui-Gon busted out laughing and wiped the stray tears trickling down off his cheeks.

"I know what your going through Obi-Wan. Remember I was once a young man myself. And yes, I will do my best to help you become a "free-thinker". Now I have to go see the Supreme Chancellor. We are supposed to go on a mission and he has some information that will come in handy. Start thinking of things that seem unorthodox and think of ways to make them change. I'll be back shortly and then we'll go to the council." Qui-Gon rose to leave their quarters. Obi-Wan inclined his head and grinned at Qui-Gon as he left the room.

The mental wheels were already churning in Obi-Wan's head. He jumped up off the floor and started on his little endeavour, collecting the things he would need to put his plan into action. He ran for the refresher and left his clothes in a trail behind him.

Qui-Gon was gone longer than he anticipated. The Chancellor seemed to find the most obscure topics and talk constantly for two hours. Qui-Gon eventually interrupted yet another of the Chancellors anecdotes, and excused himself to prepare for the ensuing trip. He hoped Obi-Wan was already packed and waiting for his return.

He pressed the entry key and the doors opened to a quiet room. He stepped inside and surveyed the room, looking for a sign that Obi-Wan was still there. He noticed a strange mark on the floor. It resembled a footprint, but was a deep green which blended in some to their tiled grey floor. He heard a rustle in the other room and yelled out, "Obi-Wan, are you ready to go? The council is expecting us."

"Just a minute Master. I'm almost ready." Obi-Wan called back.

Qui-Gon walked over to the sofa, noticing Obi-Wan's lightsaber and cloak resting on the corner. He reminded himself that he will have to talk to Obi-Wan about how to properly care for his things. He turned to see Obi-Wan standing in the doorway with an amused look on his face.

Qui-Gon's jaw dropped and he blatantly sat down on the sofa in disbelief, "WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE FORCE DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF?"

Obi-Wan grinned and ran his hand through his now neon green hair, feeling the two stripes he shaved on either side of his head. "You

don't like it? I love it. I thought about what you said about changing the things you don't like. So THIS is what I came up with!"

"Oh my stars, what did I start?" Qui-Gon shook his head in dismay. "I'm going to get such a lecture for being a bad influence. You realize you have to be punished for this?"

"PUNISHED? For what?" Obi-Wan fumed.

"You know there is certain protocol you must follow. When you break it, you have to be punished. You know its the way things are." Qui-Gon glanced up at his neon haired padawan and sighed heavily returning his head in his hands. He shook his head, "I still can't believe you did this to yourself."

"I'm just doing my part to change what I don't like. You said I should think of things that I don't agree with and find a way to change them." Obi-Wan said, crossing his arms and stamping his foot.

"I said to THINK about ways to change things. I didn't say mutilate yourself and hope everyone doesn't absolutely avoid you like you are carrying a plague! The idea was to subtly find a way to change the things that bother you. Not turn the code and council upsidedown! They will be furious!" Qui-Gon got up and stalked over to Obi-Wan, slightly raising his voice.

"I won't change it. " Obi-Wan said as a matter of factly. "I like it, it's alot better than that stupid cut they make everyone get."

"We don't have time to argue right now, the council is expecting us. I just hope they don't banish us for this. When we get back, you are going to have some serious time to think about what you did. Hopfully the council will let ME choose your punishment! Now lets go." Qui-Gon grabbed his cloak from its hook and stormed past Obi-Wan. He pulled it over his shoulders and allowed the hood to conseal his identiy. Obi-Wan grabbed his cloak and lightsaber and chased after Qui-Gon.

Qui-Gon kept a hurried pace, taking quick long strides. Obi-Wan's shorter legs had difficulty keeping up, and he jogged most of the way. Several students and Masters eyed his with awe and wonder as he chased after his master. He would slow down occasional to grin at the people staring at him. Students looked at one another in disbelief and then over to the Masters, who were standing with scowls on their faces. They looked over the sea of students and shook their heads, making the students cringe at the thought of the repercussions.

The council doors opened and a hooded Qui-Gon entered, shortly followed by a neon haired apprentice. Everyone gasped and exchanged glances, some telepathically conversing.

"What in the name of the force happened to you Padawan Kenobi?" Mace Windu asked in surprise.

"I thought it was time for a little change. Like the new look?" Obi-Wan turned slowly so the members could get a good look at his hair.

"Wondering I am, what mental illness you are suffering from?" Yoda asked Obi-Wan.

Obi-Wan got defensive, "I'm not suffering from any mental illness Master. I just thought a change was in order. Qui-Gon told me to think of ways to change something that I don't agree with. He's teaching me how to be a free-thinker, like him."

The council members groaned and rolled their eyes, knowing this is going to be a difficult and trying time. They knew this was probably only the beginning, there will be repeated attempts at undermining their authority in the future from these two. They looked at a still hooded Qui-Gon and figured out the best punishment, for both parties.

"Qui-Gon, you will punish your padawan as you see fit, AFTER the mission, of course. Maybe next time, you will watch what you say and how it will be taken by the listening parties. Now go, and may the force be with you." Mace Windu motioned towards the door.

"Thank you Master, I have an idea for his punishment. I will be careful of what I say, and hope the listeners have more intelligence to grasp the concept I was pointing to." Qui-Gon said, removing his hood and bowing to the members. He replaced his hood and left, followed by Obi-Wan.

"Does anyone else think it was a bad idea giving him the opportunity to train a padawan to be like him? Now's there's two of them to have to worry about." Mace Windu said, exasperated.

Yoda shook his head, "Be the death of us those two will be! Too old for this I am."

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file.